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FANTASY TALES FROM MANY LANDS



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NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS



NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

ELEANOR L. SKINNER

TEACHER OF ENGLISH, NORTH HIGH SCHOOL, COLUMBUS, OHIO

AND

ADA M. SKINNER

ST. AGATHA SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

ILLUSTRATED BY

BLANCHE FISHER WRIGHT

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PREFACE

IN the far-off days when the story-teller watched his listeners in order to let their faces guide or quicken his inspiration he must have been in close sympathy with the eager children who stood near him. Sometimes he pleased their vivid imaginations with a cumulative tale in which the emphasis of rhythmic repetitions helped the story to unfold simply and directly and at the same time gave the delighted children a feeling of growing familiarity with each recurring cycle. Or perhaps he told a simple folk tale in which the actors—human beings or animals—revealed in their experiences some hint of a universal truth. Sometimes a genuine fairy-tale with a well-developed plot was his theme, and by means of artistic imagery he flashed forth the lasting vision of an ideal. Through the ages the story-teller's tales have been bequeathed as a rich inheritance to the children of to-day.

The stories chosen for this little book are culled from many lands, but the universal elements of the well-loved nursery tale are present in all. A number of them are translated directly from original sources. "Poor Old Good" is an adaptation from the Chinese

PREFACE

translation by Dr. Isaac Taylor Headland, late of Pekin University. "Little Black Ant," a prime favorite with Spanish children, is an adaptation from a translation by Isabel K. Macdermott. "Monotaro," a rare version of the Japanese tale, "The Peach Boy," is an adaptation by Frances Little. "Frolic of the Wild Things" is a North American Indian nursery tale by Pee-ahm-e-squeet of the Ojibway tribe. "The Pear Tree" and "The Three Friends" are translations from the German. Some of the tales are old nursery favorites which could not be spared from any collection.

The appeal of the subject matter and the grading of the vocabulary make it evident that the book is planned as a supplementary reader for the second or third grade.

Acknowledgment for material used is due to Mr. Clement Richardson, of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, for "Simon and the Black Gum Tree"; to Mr. Clifton Johnson and the Little, Brown Co. for "Travels of a Fox"; to the Houghton, Mifflin Co. for "Buchettino," from "Popular Italian Tales," by Frank Crane; and to B. H. Blackwell for the Russian tale from Carrick's "Picture Tales from the Russian."

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NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

LITTLE WHITE RABBIT

Little White Rabbit lived alone. Her house stood near a cabbage-garden. Every morning when the sun peeped into the window, up she jumped and dressed for the day. Then she would say,

“I must go for a cabbage
To make me some soup.”

One day she put on her bonnet, took up her basket, and started off. She found a large cabbage and hurried home. Little White Rabbit tried to open her door. It was locked *on the inside*.

She knocked and thumped and thumped and knocked.

A big voice inside called out, “Who is there?”

“I’m Little White Rabbit,
Come home from the garden,
Where I found a large cabbage
To make me some soup.”

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Then the big voice inside called out,

“I am Huge Billy Goat.
With a spring and a bound
I can cut you in three
And eat you, I see.”

Poor Little White Rabbit ran away. On the road she met Big Ox. She said to him, “Big Ox, please help me.

I'm Little White Rabbit.
I went to the garden
And took home a cabbage
To make me some soup.
When I came home
I found Huge Billy Goat.
With a spring and a bound
He will cut me in three
And eat me, you see.”

Big Ox said, “Oh, I cannot help you! I am afraid of Huge Billy Goat.”

Little White Rabbit went on. Soon she met Black Dog. She said to him, “Black Dog, please help me.



I'm Little White Rabbit.
I went to the garden
And took home a cabbage
To make me some soup.
When I came home
I found Huge Billy Goat.
With a spring and a bound
He will cut me in three
And eat me, you see."

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

Black Dog said, "Then I cannot help you. I am afraid of Huge Billy Goat."

Little White Rabbit went on and on. Soon she met Red Cock. She said to him, "Red Cock, please help me.

I'm Little White Rabbit.
I went to the garden
And took home a cabbage
To make me some soup.
When I came home
I found Huge Billy Goat.
With a spring and a bound
He will cut me in three
And eat me, you see."

"Oh, I cannot help you! I am afraid of Huge Billy Goat."

Poor Little White Rabbit said, "No one will help me to drive Huge Billy Goat out of my house. What shall I do? Where can I go?"

On and on and on went Little White Rabbit weeping. Soon a small voice called out, "Good morning, Little White Rabbit! Why do you weep?" It was Busy Little Ant.

LITTLE WHITE RABBIT

Little White Rabbit said,

“Oh, Busy Little Ant,
I went to the garden
And took home a cabbage
To make me some soup.
When I came home
I found Huge Billy Goat.
With a spring and a bound
He will cut me in three
And eat me, you see.”

Busy Little Ant said, “I will go with you
and help you, Little White Rabbit.”

So they went back together to Little White
Rabbit's house. They knocked and thumped
on the door. A gruff voice inside called out,

“I am Huge Billy Goat.
With a spring and a bound
I can cut you in three
And eat you, I see.”

Then Busy Little Ant called out,

“I am Busy Little Ant.
With a creep and a spring

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

I can quickly come in
And *sting* you, I see."

Busy Little Ant crept in through the key-hole. She sprang on Huge Billy Goat's back and stung him.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Huge Billy Goat, and out of Little White Rabbit's house he ran as fast as he could.

Then Little White Rabbit cut up the large cabbage and made soup.

"Come, Busy Little Ant," she said. "We will live here together."

PORTUGUESE NURSERY TALE.



T.F.W.



THE PEAR TREE

Mother: Out in the meadow, there grows a big
pear tree,

A pear tree covered with leaves!

Child: What else is there on this big tree?

Mother: A wonderful branch!

Child: A branch on the tree,

A tree in the earth;

Out in the green meadow!

Mother: Out in the meadow, there grows a big
pear tree,

A pear tree covered with leaves!

Child: What else is there on this big tree?

Mother: A beautiful twig!

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

Child: A twig on the branch,
 A branch on the tree,
 A tree in the earth;
 Out in the green meadow!

Mother: Out in the meadow, there grows a big
 pear tree,

 A pear tree covered with leaves!

Child: What else is there on this big tree?

Mother: A soft cozy nest!

Child: A nest on the twig,
 A twig on the branch,
 A branch on the tree,
 A tree in the earth;
 Out in the green meadow!

Mother: Out in the meadow, there grows a big
 pear tree,

 A pear tree covered with leaves!

Child: Who made that wee soft cozy nest?

Mother: A little brown bird.

Child: A bird in the nest,
 A nest on the twig,
 A twig on the branch,
 A branch on the tree,



NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

A tree in the earth;
Out in the green meadow!

Mother: Out in the meadow, there grows a big
pear tree,

A pear tree covered with leaves!

Child: What grows on the little brown bird?

Mother: Some soft shining feathers!

Child: Feathers on the bird,
A bird in the nest,
A nest on the twig,
A twig on the branch,
A branch on the tree,
A tree in the earth;
Out in the green meadow!

Mother: Out in the meadow, there grows a big
pear tree,

A pear tree covered with leaves!

Child: What becomes of the soft shining
feathers?

Mother: They make a warm bed!

Child: A bed made of feathers,
Feathers from the bird,
A bird in the nest,

THE PEAR TREE

A nest on the twig,
A twig on the branch,
A branch on the tree,
A tree in the earth;
Out in the green meadow!

Mother: Out in the meadow, there grows a big
pear tree,

A pear tree covered with leaves!

Child: Who sleeps in the warm little bed?

Mother: A mother's dear child!

Child: Mother's dear in the bed,
A bed made of feathers,
Feathers from the bird,
A bird in the nest,
A nest on the twig,
A twig on the branch,
A branch on the tree,
A tree in the earth;
Out in the green meadow!

Mother: Out in the meadow, there grows a big
pear tree,

A pear tree covered with leaves!

GERMAN NURSERY TALE.



THE TEENY TINY WOMAN

Once upon a time there was a teeny tiny woman. She lived all alone in a teeny tiny house.

One night when this teeny tiny woman was in her teeny tiny bed she heard a noise. Up she jumped from her teeny tiny bed and lighted her teeny tiny candle.

She looked under her teeny tiny bed. There was nothing there. She looked behind her teeny tiny door. There was nothing there.

So this teeny tiny woman blew out her teeny tiny candle and crept back into her teeny tiny bed.

The teeny tiny woman closed her teeny

THE TEENY TINY WOMAN

tiny eyes. She was just going to sleep when she heard a noise.

Up she jumped out of her teeny tiny bed. She lighted her teeny tiny candle and crept down her teeny tiny stairs. She went into her teeny tiny kitchen. She looked under her teeny tiny chairs. There was nothing there. She looked under her teeny tiny stove. There was nothing there.

So she crept up her teeny tiny stairs. She blew out her teeny tiny candle. She crept once more into her teeny tiny bed.

This teeny tiny woman closed her teeny tiny eyes again. She was just going to sleep when she heard a noise.

Up she jumped out of her teeny tiny bed.

She lighted her teeny tiny candle. She crept down her teeny tiny stairs. She went into her teeny tiny kitchen. She crept up to her teeny tiny cupboard. She opened the teeny tiny door. She took a teeny tiny peep in. And out jumped—boo!

“Well, well,” said the teeny tiny woman. To be frightened by nothing but—boo!”

ENGLISH NURSERY TALE.

THE WEE BANNOCK

One day an old woman made two fine oatmeal cakes and put them before the fire to toast.

"What fine bannocks!" said her husband when he saw them. "There is nothing I like better than a good oatmeal bannock."

He picked up one of the cakes, broke it in two, and began to eat it. Then

Out of the door the *other* cake ran,
Crying out, "Catch me if you can!"

When the old woman saw the other wee bannock running away she ran after it, but she could not catch it.

Down the road and over the hill rolled the wee bannock, until it came to a cottage where a farmer's wife was churning. She was almost ready to take the butter from the churn. Her boy Jack stood near, watching. The door of the cottage stood wide open. Something rolled in and wheeled around the kitchen as fast as it could go.

"Look, mother! What's that?" cried Jack.

THE WEE BANNOCK

"A wee bannock, lad," she said. "Come, we'll catch it and eat it with butter for dinner."

Away they started after the little cake. Jack upset the churn and the buttermilk ran all over the room. Then

Out of the door the wee bannock ran,
Crying out, "Catch me if you can!"

Down the road and across the fields rolled the wee bannock. Soon it came to a mill. The miller was filling a sack with meal, and his boy was waiting to take it to the village. The door of the mill stood open. Something rolled in and wheeled around the mill as fast as it could go.

"Look, lad, a wee bannock!" said the miller. "Come, we'll catch it for dinner."

Away they started after the little cake. Jamie upset the sack and the meal poured out on the floor of the mill. Then

Out of the door the wee bannock ran,
Crying out, "Catch me if you can!"

Down the road and through the village rolled the wee bannock. Soon it came to a

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

blacksmith's shop. The smith was shoeing a horse for the farmer. The door of the shop stood open. Something rolled in and wheeled around the floor as fast as it could go.

"Oh, look! What's that?" cried the farmer.

"A wee bannock, man," said the blacksmith. "Come, we'll catch it and have a fine lunch."

Away they started after the little cake. It rolled around the anvil and then hid behind some iron in one corner of the shop.

"We'll move every bit of the iron," said the blacksmith. As they did so something slipped out from the heap, and

Out of the door the wee bannock ran,
Crying out, "Catch me if you can!"

Down the road and up the hill rolled the wee bannock. Soon it came to a shepherd's cottage. The shepherd's wife was making porridge for supper, and the shepherd was mending his crook. The door of the cottage stood open. Something rolled in and wheeled around the room as fast as it could go.

"Look! What's that?" cried the shepherd.

THE WEE BANNOCK

"A wee bannock," said his wife. "We'll catch it and eat it with our porridge."

Away they started after the little cake. It rolled under the table and stood by the wall.

"Pull it out with your crook," said his wife, "and I'll throw my spoon at it."

The shepherd reached under the table with his crook. But when the wife took her spoon out of the pot she upset the porridge. Then

Out of the door the wee bannock ran,
Crying out, "Catch me if you can!"

Down the hill rolled the wee bannock.

"I've had a long, long run," it said. "I'll rest until to-morrow, for I'm very tired. I'll sleep behind those bushes by the brook." And away it rolled.

"What is this coming over the field?" said a sly fox who was under the bushes. "A wee bannock! A fine supper for me!"

He lay very still. The wee bannock rolled slowly toward the bushes. Snap! Down the fox's throat it went, and it hadn't time to cry out, "Catch me if you can!"

SCOTCH NURSERY TALE.



THE THREE FRIENDS

A Mouse, a Sausage, and a Dried Pea lived together in a little house. Each day two of the friends went out to work and one stayed at home to make the soup.

One day the Mouse and the Dried Pea said, "Sausage, you make the best soup. Tell us how you do it."

"Friends, I'll tell you," said the Sausage. "While the soup is boiling I run through it once or twice. That gives it a very nice taste."

THE THREE FRIENDS

"I'll try that myself," said the Mouse."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the Dried Pea.

The next day the Sausage and the Dried Pea went to work and the Mouse stayed at home to make the soup.

She said to herself, "While it is boiling I shall run through it once or twice, as Sausage does. That gives it a very nice taste."

So when the soup was boiling poor Mouse ran through it once and was drowned.

When the Sausage and the Dried Pea came home no Mouse was to be seen.

They looked all through the house but they could not find her.

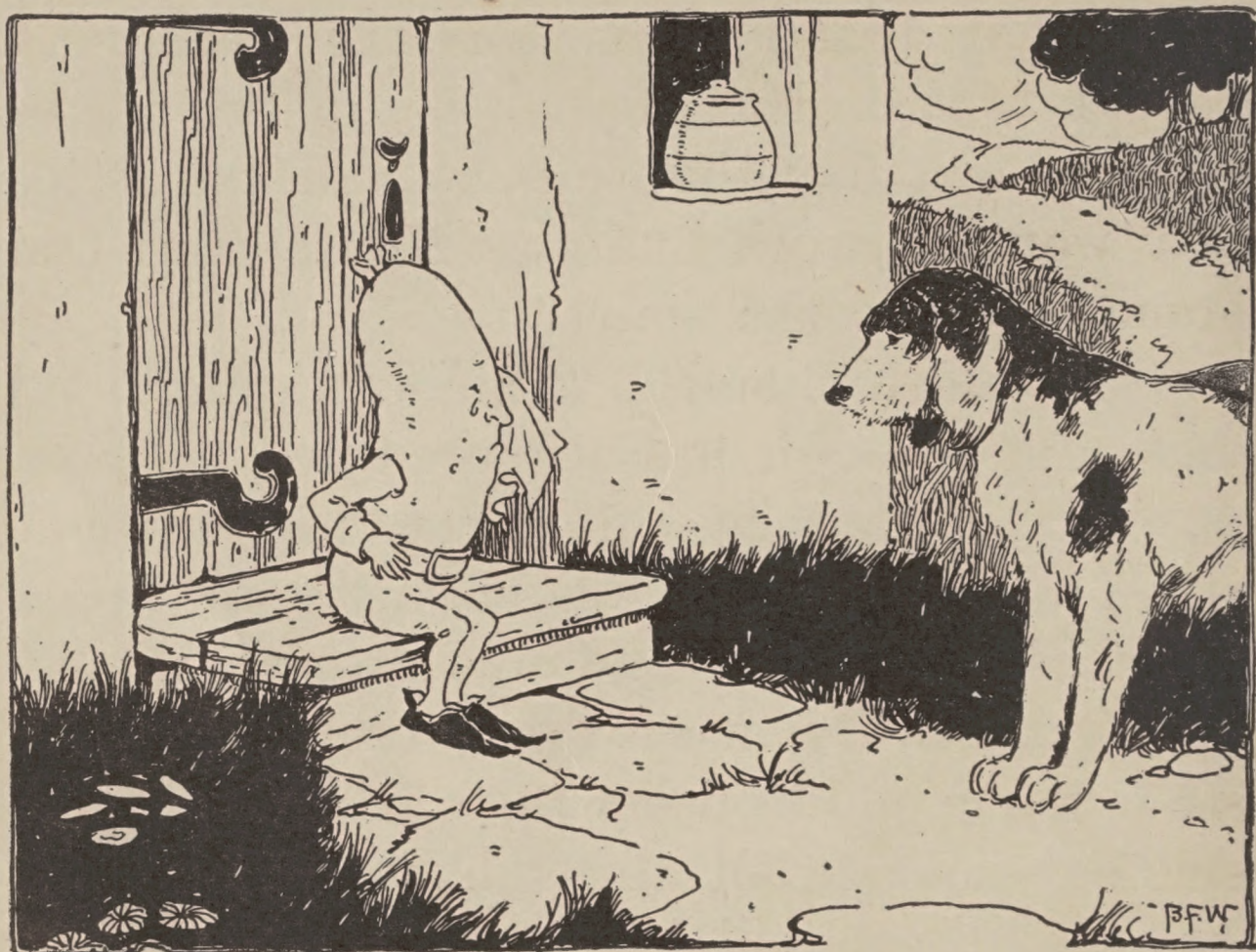
"What has become of our friend?" asked the Sausage.

"Come, let us eat the soup," said the Dried Pea.

As soon as they looked into the soup pot they saw what had happened.

"Oh, dear!" said the Sausage. "Poor Mouse is drowned in the soup."

"Drowned in the soup? Foolish Mouse!" said the Dried Pea. Then she laughed and laughed and laughed until her back burst



open. She ran to a cobbler who mended it with a black patch. Ever since that day all dried peas have a black patch on their sides.

But the Sausage sat alone on the doorstep crying, "Poor Mouse, poor Mouse, poor Mouse!"

A Dog came running down the lane.

"Sausage, why do you cry?" he asked.

"How can I help it? Poor Mouse was drowned in the soup."

THE THREE FRIENDS

“What! The Mouse was drowned in the soup? Then I will howl down the lane.”

“Dog, Dog, why do you howl down the lane?” asked the Hedge that stood near.

“How can I help it?”

The Mouse was drowned in the soup;
The Sausage sits crying on the door-
step.

How can I help howling down the lane?”

“What! The Mouse was drowned in the soup? Then I’ll upset myself by the way-side.”

“Hedge, Hedge, why do you upset yourself by the wayside?” asked the Tree that stood near.

“How can I help it?”

The Mouse was drowned in the soup;
The Sausage sits crying on the door-
step;

The Dog is howling down the lane.

How can I help upsetting myself by the wayside?”

“What! The Mouse was drowned in the

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

soup? Then I'll drop my leaves on the Pump."

"Tree, Tree, why do you drop your leaves on me?" asked the Pump that stood near.

"How can I help it?

The Mouse was drowned in the soup;
The Sausage sits crying on the door-
step;

The Dog is howling down the lane;
The Hedge is upsetting itself by the
wayside.

How can I help dropping my leaves on you?"

"What! The Mouse was drowned in the soup? Then I'll spout forth all the water from the well."

"Pump, Pump, why do you spout forth all the water from the well?" asked the Maid who stood near.

"How can I help it?

The Mouse was drowned in the soup;
The Sausage sits crying on the door-
step;



The Dog is howling down the lane;
The Hedge is upsetting itself by the
roadside;

The tree is dropping its leaves on me.
How can I help spouting forth all the
water from the well?"

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“What! The Mouse was drowned in the soup? Then I’ll smash my pail into pieces.”

“Maid, Maid, why do you smash your pail into pieces?” asked the Serving Lad who stood near.

“How can I help it?

The Mouse was drowned in the soup;
The Sausage sits crying on the door-step;

The dog is howling down the lane;
The Hedge is upsetting itself by the wayside;

The Tree is dropping its leaves on the pump;

The Pump is spouting forth all the water from the well.

How can I help smashing my pail into pieces?”

“What! The Mouse was drowned in the soup? Then I’ll run away into the wide, wide world,” said the Serving Lad. Away he went. On and on he ran, and for all we know he is running still!

GERMAN NURSERY TALE.



MUNACHAR AND MANACHAR

Munachar and Manachar lived a long time ago. One day they went out to pick blackberries. But as fast as Munachar picked the blackberries Manachar ate them, every one.

Munachar said,

“I shall look for a reed
To tie Manachar’s hands.
He is eating my blackberries, every
one.”

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

Munachar walked until he came to a reed growing near the brook.

"What news do you bring?" asked the reed.

"I bring you no news," said Munachar.

"I want a reed

To tie Manachar's hands.

He is eating my blackberries, every one."

"You shall not get me," said the reed, "until you bring an axe to cut my stem."

Munachar walked on until he came to an axe near a wood-pile.

"What news do you bring?" asked the axe.

"I bring you no news," said Munachar.

I want an axe ;

An axe to cut a reed;

A reed to tie Manachar's hands.

He is eating my blackberries, every one."

"You shall not get me," said the axe, "until you fetch a stone to sharpen my edge."

MUNACHAR AND MANACHAR

Munachar walked on until he came to a stone near a wall.

"What news do you bring?" asked the stone.

"I bring you no news," said Munachar.

"I want a stone;

A stone to sharpen an axe;

An axe to cut a reed;

A reed to tie Manachar's hands.

He is eating my blackberries, every one."

"You shall not get me," said the stone,
"until you fetch some water to wet me."

Munachar walked on until he came to a spring in the meadow.

"What news do you bring?" asked the spring.

"I bring you no news," said Munachar.

"I want some water;

Water to wet a stone;

A stone to sharpen an axe;

An axe to cut a reed;

A reed to tie Manachar's hands.

He is eating my blackberries, every one."

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“You shall not get me,” said the spring,
“until you drive the cow here to drink my
water.”

Munachar walked on until he came to
the cow in the barnyard.

“What news do you bring?” asked the
cow.

“I bring you no news,” said Munachar.

“I want a cow;

A cow to drink some water;

Water to wet a stone;

A stone to sharpen an axe;

An axe to cut a reed;

A reed to tie Manachar's hands.

He is eating my blackberries, every
one.”

“You shall not get me,” said the cow,
“until you bring me a wisp of hay from the
farmer.”

Munachar walked on until he came to a
farmer in the stable.

“What news do you bring?” asked the
farmer.

“I bring you no news,” said Munachar.



“I want a wisp of hay ;
Hay to feed the cow ;
Cow to drink some water ;
Water to wet a stone ;
A stone to sharpen an axe ;
An axe to cut a reed ;
A reed to tie Manachar’s hands.
He is eating my blackberries, every
one.”

“You shall not get a wisp of hay from me,” said the farmer, “until you bring me water from the brook in a sieve.”

So Munachar got a sieve and ran away to the brook in the meadow.

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

He filled the sieve with water and lifted it up. But the water ran through the sieve and left it empty. Again he filled the sieve with water and lifted it up. Again the water ran through the sieve and left it empty.

“Oh, what shall I do?” asked Munachar.
“The water will not stay in the sieve.”

A crow flew over the brook and cried out,
“Daub! Daub! Daub it with clay!”

“I never thought of that,” laughed Munachar.

He took up a handful of clay and daubed it all over the holes in the sieve. Then he filled the sieve with water and carried it to the farmer.

The farmer gave a wisp of hay;
The hay fed the cow;
The cow drank the water;
The water wet the stone;
The stone sharpened the axe;
The axe cut the reed.

Away ran Munachar with the reed to tie Manachar's hands. But the greedy Manachar had eaten all the blackberries—and had *burst*!



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once upon a time three little pigs started out to seek their fortune.

The first little pig met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him, "Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house."

The man gave the straw, and the little pig built a house.

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

By and by a wolf came along and knocked at the door of the little house, and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

And the little pig said, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin."

And the wolf said, "Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed,

And he blew the house in.

And he ate up that poor little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze, and said to him, "Please, man, give me that furze to build me a house."

The man gave the furze, and the little pig built a house.

By and by a wolf came along and knocked at the door of the little house and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

The little pig said, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin."

And the wolf said, "Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

So he huffed, and he puffed,
And he blew the house in.
And he ate up that poor little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and he said, "Please, man, give me those bricks to build me a house."

The man gave the bricks and the little pig built a house.

By and by a wolf came along and knocked at the door of the little house and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

The little pig said, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin."

And the wolf said, "Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed,
And he puffed, and he huffed,
But he could not blow
That pig's house in.

Then he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a field of nice turnips."

"Where?" asked the little pig.



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

“In the home field. If you will be ready early to-morrow morning I will call for you. We will go together and get some for dinner.”

“Very well,” said the little pig. “What time shall I be ready?”

“At six o’clock,” said the wolf.

The little pig got up at five o’clock, pulled the turnips, and went back home.

The wolf came at six o’clock and called out, “Little pig, are you ready?”

“Ready! I’ve been and come back. I got a potful of nice turnips for dinner.”

The wolf was angry, and he said to himself, “I’ll catch that little pig somehow.”

So he called out, “Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple-tree.”

“Where?” asked the little pig.

“In the orchard not far from here,” said the wolf. “If you will wait for me I’ll come for you at five o’clock to-morrow morning. We will go together and get some for dinner.”

But that little pig got up the next morning at four o’clock and hurried off to get the apples. He hoped to get back before the wolf came, but he had far to go and had to

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

climb the tree. Just as he was scrambling down the tree he saw the wolf coming. Little pig was very much frightened. When the wolf came up he said, "Little pig, you are here before me. Are the apples sweet?"

"Very sweet," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one."

He threw an apple far away from the tree. While the wolf was gone to pick it up the little pig jumped down and ran home.

The next day the wolf came again to the little pig's house and said, "Little pig, there is a fair in the village this afternoon. Will you go?"

"Oh, yes!" said the little pig. "What time shall I be ready?"

"At three," said the wolf.

So the little pig went to the fair before the time. He bought a butter-churn and was hurrying home with it when he saw the wolf coming. He did not know what to do. Then he said to himself, "I'll hide in the butter-churn." He crept in, and by so doing he turned the churn round and round. It began to roll along, and soon it started rolling down

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

the hill with the little pig inside. This so frightened the wolf when he saw it that he ran home without going to the fair.

The next day he went to the pig's house and said, "O little pig, when I was going to the fair I saw a great round thing which came rolling past me down the hill."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed the little pig. "I frightened you, then, did I? I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn. When I saw you coming I got into it and rolled down the hill."

Then the wolf was very angry, and he said, "I *will* eat up that little pig. I'll get down the chimney after him."

When the little pig saw what the wolf meant to do he made up a blazing fire and hung over it a potful of water. Just as the wolf was coming down the chimney the little pig took off the pot-lid and—splash! In fell the wolf! And the little pig ate the wolf for supper and lived happily ever afterward.

ENGLISH NURSERY TALE.

THE TRAVELS OF A FOX

Once upon a time a fox was travelling along the road. He stopped to dig behind the stump of a tree. Up flew a large bumblebee which he caught and put into a bag. On walked the fox until he came to the first house.

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?" he asked the mistress.

"Yes, sir, you may," said the woman.

"Be very careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as he was out of sight the woman opened a corner of the bag and peeped in.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Out flew the bee. Snap! The old woman's little rooster caught him and ate him up.

In a little while the fox came back. He looked into his bag and said, "Where is my bumblebee?"

"Oh, sir," said the woman, "I opened a corner of the bag to see what was in it. Out



flew the bee. My little rooster caught him and ate him up.”

“Very well,” said the fox, “I must have the little rooster, then.”

So he caught the rooster and put him into the bag. On walked the fox down the road until he came to the next house.

“May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum’s?” he asked the mistress of the house.

“Yes, sir, you may,” said the woman.

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

"Be very careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight the woman opened a corner of the bag and peeped in.

Flap! Flap! Flap! Out flew the rooster. Snap! The old woman's pig caught the little rooster and ate him up.

In a little while the fox came back. He looked into the bag and said, "Where is my little rooster?"

"Oh, sir," said the woman, "I opened a corner of the bag to see what was in it. Out flew the little rooster. My pig caught him and ate him up."

"Very well, I must have the pig, then."

So the fox caught the pig and put him into the bag. On he walked down the road until he came to the next house.

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?" he asked the mistress of the house.

"Yes, sir, you may," said the woman.

"Be very careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

THE TRAVELS OF A FOX

But as soon as the fox was out of sight the woman opened the bag and peeped in.

"Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!" Out jumped the pig. Snap! The old woman's ox caught him and ate him up.

In a little while the fox came back. He looked into his bag and said, "Where is my pig?"

"Oh, sir," said the woman, "I opened the bag to see what was in it. Out jumped the pig. My ox caught him and ate him up."

"Very well," said the fox. "I must have the ox, then."

So he caught the ox and put him into the bag. On walked the fox down the road until he came to the next house.

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?" he asked the mistress of the house.

"Yes, sir, you may," said the woman.

"Be very careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight the woman opened the bag and peeped in.

Moo—oo—oo! Out jumped the ox and

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

ran out of the house. The woman's little boy chased him far away over the fields.

In a little while the fox came back. He looked into the bag and said, "Where is my ox?"

"Oh, sir," said the woman, "I opened the bag to see what was in it. Out jumped the ox. He ran out of the house and my little boy chased him far away over the fields."

"Very well," said the fox. "I must have your little boy, then."

So he caught the woman's little boy and put him into the bag. On walked the fox down the road until he came to the next house.

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?" he asked the mistress of the house.

"Yes, sir, you may," said the woman.

"Be very careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

It happened that the woman was baking a cake. When she took it out of the oven the children cried out, "Please, mother, give me a piece of cake! Please, mother, give me a piece of cake!"



And the little boy who was tied up in the bag smelled the cake and cried out, "Please, mammy, give me a piece of cake!"

The woman opened the bag and out

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

stepped the little boy. She put the house-dog quickly into the bag and tied the bag up. Then she gave the little boy a piece of cake. He and the other children ate the cake and were very happy.

In a little while the fox came back. He thought his bag had not been opened for it was tied up as he had left it. He put it over his back and walked on down the road and into the deep woods. He sat down and untied his bag.

Bow, wow, wow! Out jumped the house-dog and ate up that fox.

NEW ENGLAND NURSERY TALE.



FROLIC OF THE WILD THINGS

Out on the prairie in a buffalo skull live
the little field-mice.

Merry little field-mice
All snug and warm.

At night they build a big bright fire and
dance and sing.

Merry little field-mice
All snug and warm,
Dance and sing,

“We—oh,
We—oh,
We—oh.”

The snow falls white and fast but the fire
burns bright and they are warm and dry as
they sing,

“We—oh,
We—oh,
We—oh.”

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

But what is this strange thing we see hopping and hopping over the snow? It is Big White Rabbit. He hops and hops. Each time his hind feet come together they make one track in the snow—a funny, funny track.

He sits up straight on his strong hind legs and his fore paws hang down. His long ears stand up high and his big eyes see all around. He calls and wriggles his funny nose and more rabbits come, and more, and more! They dance around the buffalo skull when

Merry little field-mice
All snug and warm,
Dance and sing,
 “We—oh,
 We—oh,
 We—oh.”

What strange sound comes on the wind? It is not the song of the merry little field-mice. Big White Rabbit sits up straight and gives a cry. Away to the east, south, and west they all go.

Lean Gray Wolf comes creeping, creeping,



creeping up. He smells in the snow the tracks of the little white rabbits. He sniffs, and sniffs, and sniffs. Dragging his long tail over the snow, around and around he goes. Then he sits and howls to the moon. He wants the little white rabbits for his supper. But they have gone hopping, hopping, hopping, while in the buffalo skull out on the prairie



Merry little field-mice
All snug and warm,
Dance and sing,
 “ We—oh,
 We—oh,
 We—oh ! ”

Hark! What other strange sound comes
on the wind ?

“ Hoot—ta—hoot—ta—hoo—a,
Hoot—ta—hoot—ta—hoo,”

says Big Owl.



FROLIC OF THE WILD THINGS

Away to the woods runs Lean Gray Wolf.
Out go the fires in the buffalo skull and
the mice creep away to bed.

“Quick! Quick! Quick!” says Mother
Mouse. She knows that Big Owl is fond of
mice. She knows, too, that Big Owl watches
over the prairie for fires in the buffalo skull.

Now the merry little field-mice are snug
in bed all covered up tight. No longer they
sing,

“We—oh,
We—oh,
We—oh!”

Morning comes. Big Owl goes to sleep
with his head under his wing and his big
eyes are shut up tight. He cannot see the
merry little field-mice come out of the buf-
falo skull and scamper away to hunt for dried
seeds. All day they sing,

“We—oh,
We—oh,
We—oh!”

Hark! Another strange sound comes on
the wind.

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“Hi—oh, ki—oh,
Hi—oh, ki—oh!”

call the little Indian boys and girls. They come running over the hill with a net on a pole. They catch Big Owl and carry him home to the camp. He is tied to the lodge-pole. All day he sits and blinks in the sun. All night he calls out,

“Hoot—ta—hoot—ta—hoo—a,
Hoot—ta—hoot—ta hoo!”

The little Indian boys and girls are wrapped in a buffalo-skin. With their heads to the fire they sleep and dream while the snow falls fast and white.

The white rabbits hop, the lean wolf howls, and the merry little field-mice sing,

“We—oh,
We—oh,
We—oh!”

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN NURSERY TALE.



LITTLE BLACK ANT

Once upon a time Little Black Ant washed her little black face and put on a pretty black gown. She sat near the window of her neat little house.

A bull passed by and looked at her.

“Good morning, pretty one,” roared he.
“Tell me, will you marry me?”

“Ah, you must win me first,” said she.

The bull roared so loud that Little Black Ant covered her ears with her hands.

“Big Bull, go on your way,” said she.

A dog passed by and looked at her.

“Good morning, pretty one,” barked he.
“Tell me, will you marry me?”

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

"Ah, you must win me first," said she.

The dog barked so sharp that Little Black Ant covered her ears with her hands.

"Fierce dog, go on your way," said she.

A cat passed by and looked at her.

"Good morning, pretty one," mewed he.

"Tell me, will you marry me?"

"Ah, you must win me first," said she.

The cat mewed so long that Little Black Ant covered her ears with her hands.

"Sly cat, go on your way," said she.

A pig passed by and looked at her.

"Good morning, pretty one," grunted he.

"Tell me, will you marry me?"

"Ah, you must win me first," said she.

The pig grunted so fast that Little Black Ant covered her ears with her hands.

"Fat pig, go on your way," said she.

A rat passed by and looked at her.

"Good morning, pretty one," squeaked he.

"Tell me, will you marry me?"

LITTLE BLACK ANT

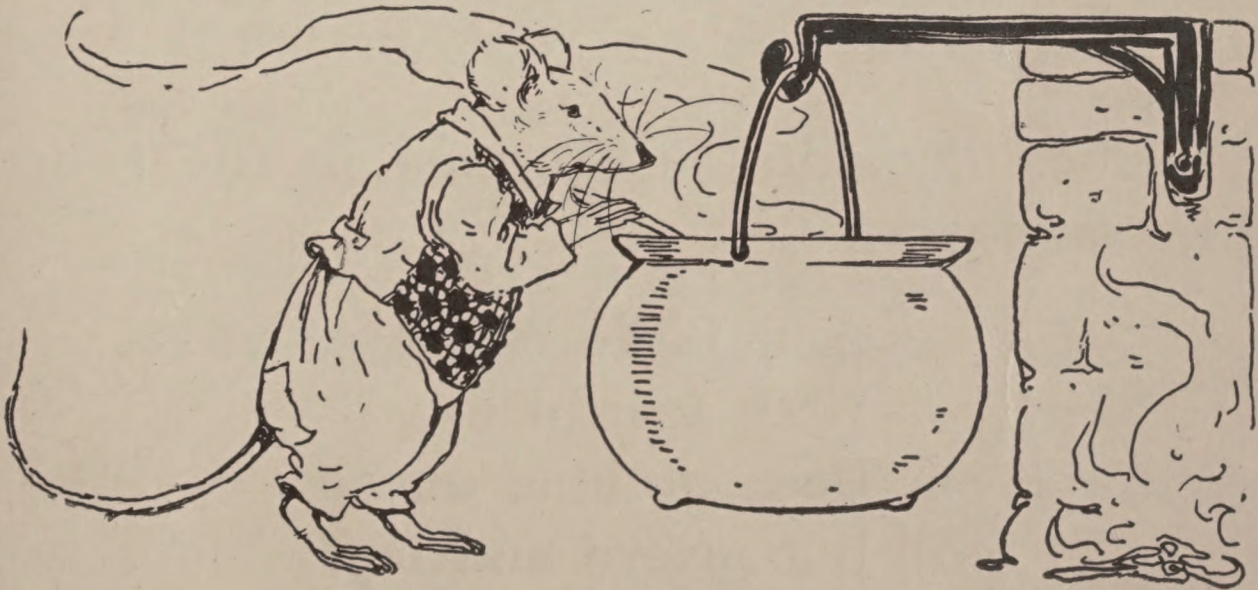
“Ah, you must win me first,” said she.

The rat squeaked so softly that Little Black Ant said to him, “Mr. Ratsmith, I will marry you.”

The next day they were married. All their friends said, “How happy Mr. and Mrs. Ratsmith are!”

One day the little wife said, “Mr. Ratsmith, I am going to church. Stir the soup while I am gone. Be sure to use a spoon with a long handle.”

But Mr. Ratsmith forgot what his wife had said. He stirred the soup with a short spoon. Splash! He fell into the soup-pot and was drowned.



NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

When his wife came home she went to the kitchen. What a sad sight! Her husband was drowned in the soup-pot. Mrs. Rat-smith sat on her door-step and wept and wept.

Song-Bird hopped up to her and said,

“Little Black Ant,
With tearful eye,
Pray tell me why
You grieve and cry.”

“Poor Ratsmith is drowned in the soup-pot,” said Little Black Ant.

“Then I’ll cut off my bill,” chirped Song-Bird.

When Turtle-Dove saw Song-Bird she said,

“Tell me, Song-Bird, if you will,
Why did you cut off your bill?”

“Poor Ratsmith is drowned in the soup-pot,” said Song-Bird.

“And Little Black Ant,
With tearful eye,
Does nothing now
But grieve and cry.”

LITTLE BLACK ANT

"Then I'll clip my tail," cooed Turtle-Dove.
Away she flew to her little house.

When Dovecot saw Turtle-Dove she said,

"Oh, sweetest bird of all the dale,
Why did you clip off your tail?"

"Poor Ratsmith is drowned in the soup-pot," said Turtle-Dove.

"And Little Black Ant,
With tearful eye,
Does nothing now
But grieve and cry.

"Song-Bird has cut off his bill and I have clipped my pretty tail."

"Then I'll turn myself upside down," said Dovecot.

When Crystal Fountain saw Dovecot she said,

"Dovecot, will you tell to me
Why upside down you seem to be?"

"Poor Ratsmith is drowned in the soup-pot," said Dovecot.

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“And Little Black Ant,
With tearful eye,
Does nothing now
But grieve and cry.

“Song-Bird has cut off his bill, Turtle-Dove
has clipped her pretty tail, and I’ve turned
myself upside down.”

“Then I’ll overflow,” said Crystal Fountain.
When Royal Princess saw Crystal Fountain
she said,

“Oh, Crystal Fountain, tell to me
Why you flow away to the deep blue sea?”

“Poor Ratsmith is drowned in the soup-
pot,” said Crystal Fountain.

“And Little Black Ant,
With tearful eye,
Does nothing now
But grieve and cry.

“Song-Bird has cut off his bill, Turtle-Dove
has clipped her pretty tail, Dovecot has turned
upside down, and I am flowing away to the
deep blue sea.”

LITTLE BLACK ANT

"Then I'll break my pitcher," cried Royal Princess.

So Royal Princess broke her pitcher;
Crystal Fountain flowed to the sea;
Dovecot turned herself upside down;
Turtle-Dove clipped her tail;
Song-Bird cut off his bill.

All this because poor Ratsmith was
drowned in the soup-pot.

And Little Black Ant,
With tearful eye,
Does nothing now
But grieve and cry.

SPANISH NURSERY TALE.



LAMBIKIN

Once upon a time there was a wee, wee Lambikin who frisked about on his little legs and was happy all day long.

One day Lambikin set off to visit his Granny. As he went along he jumped for joy to think of all the good things Granny would give him to eat.

On the way he met a jackal, who looked at him and said,

“Lambikin, Lambikin, I’m going to eat you.”

But Lambikin frisked about and said,

“To Granny’s house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow;
Then you may eat me so.”

“You’ll be better to eat when you are fatter, Lambikin. I’ll wait,” said the jackal. So he let Lambikin go on.

By and by Lambikin met a tiger, who looked at him and said,



NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

"Lambikin, Lambikin, I'm going to eat you."

But Lambikin frisked about and said,

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow;
Then you may eat me so."

"You'll be better to eat when you are fatter, Lambikin. I'll wait," said the tiger. So he let Lambikin go on.

By and by he met a wolf, and then he met a dog, and then he met an eagle. Each one of these said to him,

"Lambikin, Lambikin, I'm going to eat you."

But to each one Lambikin said,

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow;
Then you may eat me so."

On Lambikin went until he reached Granny's house. He said to her, "Granny, dear, I've promised that I shall fatter grow, so please put me into the corn-bin *at once*."



“Well,” said Granny, “you’re a good little Lambikin. Into the corn-bin you shall go at once.”

There he stayed seven days. He ate and ate and ate. He grew so fat he could scarcely walk.

“You are fat enough now, Lambikin, and you must go home.”

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

But cunning Lambikin said, "Oh, Granny, that will never do. I'm so plump and tender that some animal will eat me. I will tell you what to do. Make me a wee drumikin out of an old skin. I can sit inside and trundle along nicely, for I'm as tight as a drum myself."

So Granny made a wee drumikin with the wool inside. Lambikin curled himself up snug and warm in the middle and trundled away.

By and by he met the eagle, who called out,

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And wee Lambikin, curled up in his wee drumikin, called out,

"Fallen into the fire,
And so will you.
On, little Drumikin!
Tum-pa, tum-too!"

"Dear me! Dear me!" said the eagle.
"What a tender bit I've missed!"

LAMBIKIN

Away trundled Lambikin laughing and singing to himself,

“Tum-pa, tum-too!
Tum-pa, tum-too!”

Each animal he met asked,

“Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?”

And wee Lambikin, curled up in his wee drumikin, called out,

“Fallen into the fire,
And so will you.
On, little Drumikin!
Tum-pa, tum-too!
Tum-pa, tum-too!”

“Dear me! Dear me!” said each animal.
“What a tender bit I’ve missed!”

Away trundled Lambikin, laughing and singing to himself.

At last he met the jackal, limping along and looking very sad. When he saw the wee drumikin he called out,

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?”

And wee Lambikin, curled up in his wee drumikin, called out,

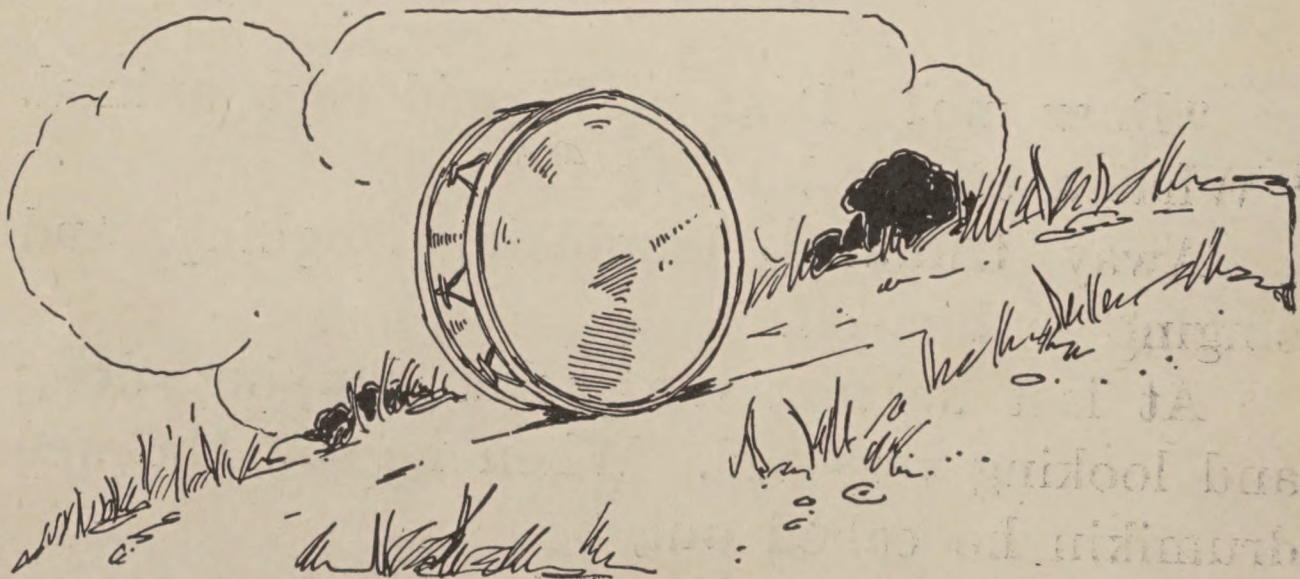
“Fallen into the fire,
And so will you.
On, little Drumikin!
Tum-pa, tum-too!
Tum-pa, tum-too!”

But the jackal knew his voice.

“Oho! Lambikin!” he called out. “So you have turned yourself inside out, have you?”

Then he tore open wee drumikin
And gobbled up wee Lambikin!

EAST INDIAN NURSERY TALE.



POOR OLD GOOD

Once upon a time there was a very old man. He was very, very poor, but- he was such a good old man that the people called him "Old Good."

He carried a little wooden bowl in his hand. When he beat on the bowl it sounded like a little drum.

And because he was very poor,
He went begging from door to door.

One day he came to a house and asked the people for something to eat, but they said,

"Go 'long, go 'long, go 'long, Old Good,
We wouldn't help you if we could."

He came to another house and asked the people for something to eat, and they said,

"Go 'long, go 'long, go 'long, Old Good,
We wouldn't help you if we could."

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

He came to another house and asked the people for something to eat, but they also said,

“Go 'long, go 'long, go 'long, Old Good,
We wouldn't help you if we could.”

And then he came to the last little house in the village and asked the people there for something to eat. The little boy who met him at the door said,

“Come in, come in, come in, old man,
We'll help you in every way we can.”

So he held out his rice-bowl and they poured in rice. But it was only half full.

And they poured in more rice, but still it was not full.

And they poured in more rice, but still it was not full.

And it was not full until they had poured in about a bushel of rice.

Then the old man said,

“You have been very good to me, little boy. Now I will tell you what is going to



NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

happen. You know there is a stone lion at the door of the temple."

"Yes, I have seen the stone lion at the door of the temple," said the little boy.

"Hear what I say. Whenever the eyes of that stone lion turn red, there is going to be a flood."

Then he put his hand into his pocket and took out a little paper boat and said,

"When the flood comes you must save all you have in this little boat.

"If any animals ask you to save them,
You must save them.

"If any insects ask you to save them,
You must save them.

"But if any men or women ask you to save
them,
You must not save them."

The next day when the little boy went to school he looked at the eyes of the lion.

Then the next day when the little boy went to school he looked again at the eyes of the lion.

POOR OLD GOOD

And every day when the little boy went to school he looked at the eyes of the lion.

One day another little boy said to him,
“Why do you look at the eyes of the lion?”

And the little boy said,

“When the eyes of the lion are red,
There is going to be a flood.”

The other little boy only laughed at the answer, but that day after school he painted the eyes of the lion red.

The next morning when the first little boy went to school he looked at the eyes of the lion, and, behold! they were red. As soon as he saw this he ran home as fast as he could and said to his mother:

“The eyes of the lion are red;
There is going to be a flood.”

Then they put their little paper boat out on the ground and it became a large wooden boat.

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

As soon as they had put all their things into the boat the flood came.

Then a little ant came from an ant's nest and said,

"Oh, please, won't you take us into the boat?"

And they took all the little ants into the boat.

Then many of the little mice swimming around in the water said,

"Oh, please, little boy, take us into your boat?"

And they took all the little mice into the boat.

Then a fierce, big, striped tiger came running out of the woods and said to them,

"Oh, please, little boy, take me into the boat?"

And they took the fierce, big, striped tiger into the boat.

The little boy who had painted the eyes of the lion was in the flood.

He swam to them and said,

"Oh, please, little boy, take me into your boat?"

POOR OLD GOOD

But the little boy said,

“No, no, little boy. Old Good said that we must not take any people into the boat.”

“Oh, please, please, please!” he begged.

They took him into the boat.

When the flood was over they took the naughty little boy to their house. He lived with them ever afterward.

But still sometimes he was a naughty boy.

He did a very naughty thing for which all the family was punished and put into prison.

While they were there, one little mouse after another came to the prison and each said,

“Oh, good little boy,
It was you saved me;
I will cut your cords
And set you free.”

So the little mice gnawed to pieces all the cords that bound them.

Then, one after another, came the little ants to the prison, and each said,

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“Oh, good little boy,
It was you saved me;
I will loosen the ground
To set you free.”

And the ants built many nests under the walls of the prison.

Then the fierce, big, striped tiger came and said,

“Oh, good little boy,
It was you saved me;
I will dig a big hole
And set you free.”

And he dug a big hole where the ants had loosened the ground, and the walls of the prison fell.

The family came out, went back to their home, and all lived happily together ever afterward.

CHINESE NURSERY TALE.



PETER, BASIL, AND THE FOX

Once upon a time there was an old man and he had a cat and a cock.

The cat became tired of living with the old man and said to the cock, "Let's go into the forest; it's nicer there."

And the cock said, "Very well."

So off they went.

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

In the forest they found an old hut, and they went there to live. Then the cat went off to find food. While he was away a fox passed the hut and scented the cock. The fox sat down by the hut and began to sing,

“Little cock, little cock,
With the golden comb
And the silken beard,
Look out of the window.
I will give you some porridge
In a painted spoon.”

The cock listened and wondered who was singing so sweetly. So he opened the window and looked out into the road and the fox caught him.

Then the fox trotted off home with the cock in his teeth. The cock became so frightened that he started crying and calling out,

“The fox is carrying me off,
Beyond the thick forests,
Beyond the blue seas,
And beyond the high hills,
To a far-away country

PETER, BASIL, AND THE FOX

And to strange lands.
Pussy cat, brother,
Save me from him!"

The cat heard the cries of the cock and started after the fox. And when the fox saw the cat coming after him he dropped the cock and ran away. So the cat and the cock ran back to their hut.

The next day the cat went off again to find food. "Now, mind, Brother Peter," he said, "don't trust the fox. Don't open the window or he'll carry you off again, and I shall be far away and shall not hear you."

As soon as the cat had gone, up came the fox. He sat down under the window and began singing,

"Little cock, little cock,
With the golden comb
And the silken beard,
Look out of your window
And I'll give you some peas."

The cock thought he'd like some peas, but he tried hard not to look out of the window.

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“That’s all very fine,” he thought, “but you can’t deceive me, Mr. Fox.”

And the fox kept on singing,

“Look out of your window
And I’ll give you some peas—
A whole basketful.”

And the cock walked up and down inside the hut and kept saying to himself,

“I won’t look out!
I won’t look out!
I won’t look out!”

And the fox began singing again,

“Just outside a farmhouse
The hill slopes away,
And there stands a little sledge
That goes driving all alone.”

And the cock thought, “What sort of sledge, in all the world, can it be that goes all by itself. I must have a look with the corner of one eye.”



NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

But as soon as the cock opened the window the fox snapped him up before he knew what had happened. And however much he cried out for his Brother Basil the cat did not hear him. He was too far away. And the fox carried off the cock beyond the fir-trees and ate him up.

When the cat came home he found the door shut. So he began to run around the hut and call to the cock, saying,

“Open, Brother Peter, and let your Brother Basil come in.”

Then he saw that the window was wide open and that there was no one inside. So he knew that the fox had carried off his Brother Peter, and he started off to look for him. And lo and behold! all he found was some feathers. Then he sat down and wept bitter tears. After that he felt lonely living in the forest without the cock. So he went back to the old man in the village, and wasn't the old man pleased to see him!

RUSSIAN NURSERY TALE.

LITTLE TWO EYES

Once upon a time three little sisters lived together. The first was called Little One Eye, because she had only one eye. It was in the middle of her forehead.

The second was called Little Two Eyes, because she had two eyes like other people.

The third was called Little Three Eyes, because she had three eyes. One of them was in the middle of her forehead.

Little Two Eyes was not happy. Her sisters made fun of her. They said, "You are not like us. You are like other people. You shall wear old clothes and shall have only crumbs to eat. We do not like you."

Every morning Little Two Eyes drove the goat to the fields to graze. One morning she was very hungry, for she had had only a few crumbs for breakfast. She sat down under a tree and began to cry. After awhile she heard some one say,

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“Little Two Eyes, tell me why you cry?”

She looked up, and there stood an old woman.

“Because I have two eyes like other people my sisters do not like me. They make me wear old clothes and they give me only a few crumbs to eat. I’m very hungry,” said Little Two Eyes.

The old woman said, “You shall never be hungry again. Whenever you wish something to eat, say to your goat,

‘Little goat, bleat,
Little table, come,’

and a little table, loaded with good food, will stand before you. When you have eaten all you wish, say this,

‘Little goat, bleat,
Little table, away!’

and the table will go away.”

Off went the old woman.

“I’m hungry now,” thought Little Two Eyes. So she said,



NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“Little goat, bleat,
Little table, come,”

and before her stood a little table loaded with good food.

When she had eaten all she wished, Little Two Eyes said,

“Little goat, bleat,
Little table, away!”

Then away went the little table.

“What a nice way to keep house!” said Little Two Eyes, laughing to herself. “I shall not have to eat crumbs to-night.”

For three days she did not eat anything at home.

At last Little One Eye said, “Little Two Eyes does not eat our food. What is the matter? She must eat something in the field. I will go with her and see.”

The next morning when Little Two Eyes was ready to go to the field Little One Eye said, “I will go with you.”

“She will try to see how I get food to eat,” thought Little Two Eyes.

LITTLE TWO EYES

So they drove the goat into the thick, long grass and Little Two Eyes said, "Come, let us sit here and I will sing to you."

Little One Eye sat down, for she was tired, and Little Two Eyes sang,

"Are you awake, Little One Eye?

Are you awake?

Go to sleep, Little One Eye,

Go to sleep.

Little One Eye,

Go to sleep,

Go to sleep."

Soon Little One Eye fell fast asleep.

"Little goat, bleat,
Little table, come,"

said Little Two Eyes, and there before her once more stood the table loaded with good food. She ate all she wished and then she said,

"Awake, Little One Eye! Awake! You did not watch the goat. Come, we will go home."

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

"Did you see how Little Two Eyes got something to eat?" asked Little Three Eyes.

"No. I fell asleep in the long grass," said Little One Eye.

"I must go and watch her," said Little Three Eyes, "for she does not eat our food."

The next morning when Little Two Eyes was ready to go to the field Little Three Eyes said, "I will go with you."

"She will try to see how I get food to eat," thought Little Two Eyes.

So they drove the goat into the thick, long grass and Little Two Eyes said, "Come, let us sit here and I will sing to you."

Little Three Eyes sat down, for she was very tired, and Little Two Eyes sang,

"Are you awake, Little Three Eyes?

Are you awake?

Go to sleep, Little Two Eyes,

Go to sleep.

Little Three Eyes,

Go to sleep,

Little Two Eyes,

Go to sleep,

Go to sleep."



Two of her eyes went to sleep, but the eye in the middle of her forehead did not go to sleep. Little Two Eyes did not know this, so she sang,

“Little goat, bleat,
Little table, come.”

The table, loaded with food, came and she ate a good dinner. Then she said,

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“Little goat, bleat,
Little table, away!”

Away went the little table. But Little Three Eyes saw with the eye in the middle of her forehead how Little Two Eyes got plenty to eat.

“Awake, Little Three Eyes! Awake! You did not watch the goat. Come, we will go home,” said Little Two Eyes.

They went home, and Little Three Eyes said to her mother and sister, “I know how she gets plenty to eat. She put two of my eyes to sleep with a song. But the eye in the middle of my forehead saw everything. She says,

‘Little goat, bleat,
Little table, come,’

and before her stands a table loaded with good food. When she has eaten all she wishes she says,

‘Little goat, bleat,
Little table, away!’

Away goes the little table.”

LITTLE TWO EYES

"We will kill the goat," said her sister.

The next day Little Two Eyes went alone to the field. She sat down under a tree and cried.

After awhile she heard some one say,

"Little Two Eyes, why do you cry?"

She looked up, and there stood the old woman.

"Because my goat is killed," said Little Two Eyes.

"Beg your sisters to give you the heart of the goat. Plant it by the door of your house."

Off went the old woman.

Little Two Eyes went home and said to her sisters, "Please give me the heart of the goat?"

They laughed and said,

"Here it is. You may have it."

Little Two Eyes planted the heart by the door of the house. In the morning a beautiful tree stood before the door. It was covered with silver leaves and bore golden apples. Little Two Eyes knew how it happened to grow there but she did not tell her sisters.

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

"I'll climb the tree and gather some of the fruit," said Little One Eye. But when she tried to reach an apple the branch sprang out of her hand.

"Let *me* try. I have three eyes and can see very well," said Little Three Eyes. But when she tried to reach a golden apple, away flew the branch on which it grew.

"Let me see what I can do," said Little Two Eyes.

"You!" said her sisters. "You with your two eyes! What can you do!"

But Little Two Eyes climbed the tree and the golden apples fell into her hands. She brought down as many as she could carry.

How angry her sisters were!

One morning a beautiful Prince came riding by the house.

"Hide, Little Two Eyes!" called out her sisters. "Hide, quickly! Creep under this empty cask, for a Prince is coming. You have two eyes, like other people, and he must not see you."

Quickly Little Two Eyes crept under the empty cask.



“What a wonderful tree!” said the Prince when he came near. “Is it yours?”

“It is, indeed,” said the sisters.

“May I have a branch with some golden apples on it?” asked the Prince.

“We will give you a branch,” said the sisters.

First Little One Eye climbed up and tried to break off a branch. Away it flew from her hand.

Then Little Three Eyes climbed up and tried to break off a branch. Away it flew from her hand.

“How strange it is that you cannot break

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

off a branch of your own tree!" said the Prince. "Why, here is a golden apple."

He stooped down and picked it up. As he did so another golden apple rolled to his feet; then another. They came from under the cask where Little Two Eyes was hidden.

"Who is under the cask?" asked the Prince.

"Our sister," said Little Three Eyes. "She must not be seen because she has two eyes like other people."

But the Prince called out, "Come, Little Two Eyes, come!"

And when Little Two Eyes crept out from the cask the Prince said, "Can you pick me a branch with golden apples on it?"

"I will try to get a beautiful branch for you," said Little Two Eyes.

She sprang up the tree and picked a branch loaded with beautiful golden apples.

"Thank you," said the Prince when she offered him the gift. "Now, tell me, Little Two Eyes, what shall I do for you?"

"I am very unhappy here. May I go away with you?" asked Little Two Eyes.

LITTLE TWO EYES

"You shall go with me," said the Prince.
"I will take you to my father's castle."

He lifted her on his fine horse and away they rode.

Little Two Eyes was very happy in the castle.

One day she looked out of her window and there was the wonderful tree filled with golden apples.

"My tree has come to grow in the castle park," said Little Two Eyes to the Prince.

"It is one of our wedding gifts, Little Two Eyes," was the answer.

GERMAN NURSERY TALE.



BUCHETTINO

Once upon a time when little Buchettino was sweeping the stairs of his house he heard a noise. He looked down and found a bright penny. Then he said to himself,

“What shall I buy with this penny?

“Shall I buy some dates? No, for then I should have to throw away the stones.

“Shall I buy some apples? No, for then I should have to throw away the core.

“Shall I buy some nuts? No, for then I should have to throw away the shells.

“What shall I buy with this penny?

“I will buy a penny’s worth of figs.”

Away he ran to the nearest shop, bought a penny’s worth of figs, and climbed up a big tree. He sat down upon a branch and began to eat his figs.

Soon a Giant passed by. When he saw Buchettino he called out,

“Buchettino! Buchettino!

Dear Buchettino!

BUCHETTINO

Give me a fig with your own little hand;
If not I will climb up and eat you."

Then little Buchettino threw him one fig,
but it fell into the dirt.

"Buchettino! Buchettino!

Dear Buchettino!

Give me a fig with your own little hand;
If not I will climb up and eat you,"

called out the Giant again.

Then Buchettino threw him another fig, but
it fell into the dirt.

"Buchettino! Buchettino!

Dear Buchettino!

Give me a fig with your own little hand;
If not I will climb up and eat you,"

called out the Giant again in an angry tone.

Little Buchettino did not know that the
Giant was trying to catch him. So he leaned
down and gave the Giant a fig with his own
little hand.

"Now I have you," snapped the Giant.

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

He quickly caught Buchettino by the arm, pushed him into his big bag, threw the bag over his shoulder, and started for his home, calling out,

“Wife! Wife!

Put the kettle on the fire,

For I have caught Buchettino.”

The Giant was very near his house when he happened to think of something he had to do before going home. So he put the bag on the ground and walked off as quickly as he could. Buchettino, you may be sure, was glad to hear his footsteps sound farther and farther away.

“Now is my time,” he said to himself. With a little knife which he always carried in his pocket he cut a hole in the bag big enough for him to creep through. Then he slipped out quietly, filled the bag with stones, and ran toward his home as fast as he could go.

When the Giant came back he picked up his bag, threw it over his shoulder, and started off, calling out again,



“Wife! Wife!
Put the kettle on the fire,
For I have caught Buchettino.”

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“Yes, yes,” answered his wife as he came near. “I have put the kettle on the fire.”

“Then we will cook Buchettino. Come, come; help me. Take hold of one end of this bag,

For I have caught Buchettino;
I have caught little Buchettino.”

The Giant and his wife took hold of the bag and carried it to the hearth. They emptied it into the kettle. Splash! The bag was full of stones.

How angry that Giant was! He roared out, “Buchettino put stones into my bag. He ran away, but I’ll catch him yet! I’ll catch Buchettino!”

The next day he went back to the place where he had caught little Buchettino. But no Buchettino was there. He walked up and down the roads. He looked into all the hiding-places, saying to himself over and over, “I’ll catch Buchettino yet!”

At last he raised his eyes and looked all over the tops of the houses. There he saw Buchettino standing upon a roof laughing and

BUCHETTINO

laughing and laughing. For Buchettino had seen the Giant, too.

"Oh, Buchettino, there you are!" called out the Giant, this time in a very sweet voice. "Tell me how you climbed up on that roof?"

"Oh," said Buchettino, "do you really wish to know?"

"I do, indeed," answered the Giant.

"Then listen. I put dishes upon dishes, glasses upon glasses, pans upon pans, kettles upon kettles until they were piled up as high as this roof. Then I climbed and climbed and climbed upon them, and here I am!"

"Aha!" laughed the Giant. "Wait a bit." And with that he quickly piled dishes upon dishes, glasses upon glasses, pans upon pans, and kettles upon kettles, until they were piled as high as the roof.

Then he began to climb and climb and climb. But when he had climbed almost to the top—crash—crack—bang—br-r-r-r. Down came dishes upon dishes, glasses upon glasses, pans upon pans, and kettles upon kettles, all on top of that wicked Giant!

ITALIAN NURSERY TALE.

THE STRAW OX

There was once an old woman and an old man. The old man worked in the field, while the old woman sat at home and spun flax. They were very, very poor. One day the old woman said, "Daddy, make me a straw ox and cover it with tar."

"A straw ox? What in the world is the good of an ox of that sort?"

"Never mind, Daddy," she said. "Make me a straw ox and cover it with tar."

"Well, well, well," said the old man.

So the old man made an ox of straw and covered it with tar.

Early the next morning the old woman drove the straw ox to the meadow. She took her distaff with her and she sat down behind a little hill to do her spinning. While the straw ox was grazing she spun her flax and sang,

THE STRAW OX

“Graze away, little ox,
While I spin my flax;
Graze away, little ox,
While I spin my flax.”

As she spun and sang, her head drooped down and she went fast asleep. She did not see a big bear come from the dark wood and say to the ox,

“Who are you?”

“I am a straw ox
And I’m covered with tar.”

“Oh, covered with tar, are you? Then give me a little of your tar. I wish to patch up my ragged fur again.”

“Take some,” said the ox.

The bear fell upon him and began to tear away the tar. He buried his teeth in the ox as far as he could. To his surprise he soon found he could not let go. He was stuck fast. He tugged and tugged, but it was of no use. Then the straw ox started off home dragging the bear with him.

When the old woman awoke there was no

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

ox to be seen. "My straw ox may have gone home," she said. "I will go, too."

She took up her distaff, threw it over her shoulder, and hastened home. There she found the straw ox with the bear still stuck fast to the tar.

"Daddy, Daddy," she cried, "look, look. The straw ox has brought us a bear. Come."

The old man jumped up, pulled the bear out of the tar, and cast him into the cellar.

The next morning the old woman again drove the straw ox to the meadow. She took her distaff with her and she sat down behind a little hill to do her spinning. While the straw ox was grazing she spun her flax and sang,

"Graze away, little ox,
While I spin my flax;
Graze away, little ox,
While I spin my flax."

As she spun and sang, her head drooped down and she was soon fast asleep. While she was sleeping a gray wolf came rushing



NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

out of the wood. He saw the straw ox grazing in the meadow.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“I am a straw ox
And I’m covered with tar.”

“Oh, covered with tar, are you? Give me some of your tar to tar my sides. Then the dogs cannot tear me.”

“Take some,” said the ox.

The gray wolf fell upon the straw ox and tried to tear away some of the tar. He tugged and tugged, but he could get none. Then he tried to let go, but, no matter how hard he pulled, the tar held him fast. The straw ox started off home dragging the gray wolf with him.

When the old woman woke up there was no straw ox to be seen. “My ox has gone home,” she said. “I will go, too.” She took up her distaff, threw it over her shoulder, and hastened home, and there stood the straw ox with a gray wolf stuck fast to the tar.

“Daddy, Daddy!” she called out. “Come!

THE STRAW OX

The straw ox has brought us a gray wolf. Come!"

The old man came, pulled the gray wolf out of the tar, and cast him into the cellar with the bear.

On the third day the old woman again drove the straw ox to the meadow. And again she sat down and began to spin and sing and was soon fast asleep.

A fox came running up.

"Who are you?" he asked when he saw the straw ox.

"I am a straw ox
And I'm covered with tar."

"Oh, covered with tar, are you? Then give me some of your tar. I wish to cover my sides so that the dogs cannot tear my hide," begged the fox.

"Take some," said the straw ox.

The fox fastened his teeth in the tar. He tugged and tugged, but he could not pull them out again. Away started the straw ox dragging the fox with him.

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

The old woman woke up, hurried home, and found the straw ox there with a fox stuck fast in the tar. She called again to the old man. "Come, Daddy!"

The old man jumped up, pulled the fox out of the tar, and cast him into the cellar with the bear and the gray wolf. And the next day they caught a little hare in the same way.

"We have some fine animals now, Daddy," said the old woman.

"Yes, yes, my good woman, and all were caught by the straw ox which I made," said the old man, beginning to sharpen his knife.

The bear looked up and saw what the old man was doing.

"Tell me, Daddy," he said, "why are you sharpening your knife?"

"Your hide will make a fine leather jacket for myself and a coat for my old woman."

"Let me go, Daddy, dear," begged the bear, "and I'll bring you a lot of honey."

"Very well, see that you do it." And the old man let the bear go.

THE STRAW OX

Then he sat down on the bench again and began to sharpen his knife. And the gray wolf asked:

“Daddy, why are you sharpening your knife?”

“Your hide will make me a warm cap for the winter.”

“Let me go, Daddy, dear. I’ll bring you a whole herd of little sheep.”

“Very well, see that you do it.” And he let the gray wolf go.

Again he sat down on the bench and began to sharpen his knife.

The fox looked up. “Why are you sharpening your knife, Daddy, dear?”

“Little foxes’ fur makes nice collars and trimmings.”

“Let me go, Daddy, dear, and I will bring you some nice hens and geese.”

“Very well, see that you do it.” And he let the fox go.

Then the little hare begged to know why Daddy was sharpening his knife.

“Little hares’ soft fur makes nice gloves and mittens for winter.”



“Don’t take my fur, Daddy, dear. Let me go and I’ll bring you cabbage and cauliflower—all you wish.”

“Very well, see that you do it.” Then he let the little hare go.

Early the next morning there was a noise on the door of the cottage. It sounded like “Dr-r-r-r-r.”

“Daddy,” cried the old woman, “some one is scratching at the door. Get up and see who it is.”

THE STRAW OX

The old man got up and opened the door. There stood the bear carrying a whole hive of honey. He took the honey from the bear and went back to bed.

No sooner was he asleep than again came the sound, "Dr-r-r-r-r," at the cottage door. "Daddy, dear," cried the old woman, "there's that noise again. Get up."

The old man again got out of bed, went to the window, and looked out. There he saw the gray wolf driving a whole flock of sheep into the yard. Close on his heels came the fox driving some fine geese and hens. Last of all came the little hare bringing cabbage and cauliflower.

Then the old man and the old woman were glad. They sold honey and sheep and geese and hens, and became so rich that they never needed anything more for the rest of their lives.

And what became of the straw ox?

Oh, he stood in the sun until he fell to pieces!

RUSSIAN NURSERY TALE.

SIMON AND THE BLACK GUM TREE

A long time ago there was a little boy named Simon. His mammy often called him Great Simon. They lived together in a little cabin just outside the big house garden.

Simon's mammy worked in the big house. Every day when she left the cabin she would say to him, "Now, Simon, Great Simon, be a good boy. Don't go out of the yard. Mind what I say, and when I come back I'll bring you something good."

"Yes'm," Simon would answer. And then he would go on making frog houses by packing wet sand over his bare feet.

One day Simon's mammy let him go fishing with some of the big boys. They showed him how to bait his hook and what to do with his sinker and cork. After a while he caught a flat golden perch, and he ran home as fast as he could to show it to his mammy.

"Look, mammy; see what I've caught. Cook him now, mammy. Cook him now!"

SIMON AND THE BLACK GUM TREE

Every day after Simon caught that fish he begged his mammy to let him go fishing.

"Once in a while you may go with the big boys, Simon, Great Simon. But you must never, never go alone."

More than once Simon wished to slip off by himself but he was afraid. He knew his mammy often came back to the cabin between meals.

One day when Simon knew his mammy would be very, very busy he made up his mind to run away.

"I can fish for two or three hours this afternoon and get back before dark."

Simon's mammy started off for the big house. "Be a good boy, Simon, and stay at home," she said.

"Y-e-s, m-am," he answered and his eyes grew big. He was stuffing his fishing-line into his pocket the very moment his mammy called to him.

Then away she went to the big house, swinging her arms and singing.

Simon waited a little while. Then he went into the cabin, ate some bread and syrup,

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

and went out again to dig his bait. With his cup full of worms, his hook and line and pole all ready, he set out for the creek.

The fishing hole was a long way from the cabin. But Simon cut across the fields. He kept close to the fences and hedges, for he was afraid of being seen. When he came to the woods he sat down by a big oak and was so tired that he soon fell fast asleep. There is no telling how long he would have slept had it not been for a hawk. The big bird flew down and struck Simon with its wing.

Up jumped the little boy. He looked around and started to run back home. Then he remembered where he was and what he was going to do.

Simon started on his way again through the woods. As he walked along the leaves seemed to get up and follow him. Every time he lifted his foot he heard a tiny rustling sound. He felt the breeze which the leaves made as they came after him. How he trembled! But on he ran. At last he reached the fishing hole in the creek. There was the very place where he had caught the



NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

golden perch. He forgot all about the hawk, the leaves, and his mammy at home. He wanted to jump and dance for joy.

All at once a big black cloud came in the sky. It made everything look dark. He heard a loud ripple on the water, and—splash! The head of a big fish popped out of the pool and said:

“Bait your hook, Simon,
Bait your hook, Simon,
Bait your hook, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!”

The little boy trembled all over. But he did just what the fish told him to do. He put a worm on the hook. Then the fish said,

“Cast it in, Simon,
Cast it in, Simon,
Cast it in, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!”

And Simon cast his line into the pool. The cork began to bob up and down. He heard another loud ripple on the water. Then the fish cried out:

SIMON AND THE BLACK GUM TREE

“Pull me out, Simon,
Pull me out, Simon,
Pull me out, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!”

The little boy gave a hard pull; out came the fish. When the fish hit the ground it cried:

“There’s your fire, Simon,
There’s your fire, Simon,
There’s your fire, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!”

Not far from the tree where Simon stood he saw a fire that blazed and crackled. In an old stump near the tree was a big knife. The fish said:

“Cut me up, Simon,
Cut me up, Simon,
Cut me up, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!”

Simon laid the fish on the stump, pulled out the knife, and cut the fish up. But still the fish cried out:

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“Put me in the pan, Simon,
Put me in the pan, Simon,
Put me in the pan, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!”

There on the stump was a new pan. Simon put the fish into the pan. The grease popped out of the pan and all over Simon. He jumped about, then covered his face and hands. But he couldn't run away. From the pan the fish called out:

“Now I am done, Simon,
Now I am done, Simon,
Take me up, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!”

As Simon lifted off the pan, the fish called out,

“Eat me up, Simon,
Eat me up, Simon,
Eat me up, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!”

So Simon sat down at the root of a tree and ate the fish—every bit! Suddenly he

SIMON AND THE BLACK GUM TREE

felt something move behind him. He slowly turned his head. He saw that the tree he was leaning against was opening. And the fish inside him cried out,

“Walk right in, Simon,
Walk right in, Simon,
Walk right in, Simon.
Mammy calls, Great Simon!”

Simon walked in and the big tree closed!

That night when Simon's mammy came back to the cabin she could not find her little boy anywhere.

“Simon,” she called, “Great Simon, where are you?” But there was no answer.

She ran back to the big house crying for her little boy. The white folks sent big dogs and two men to hunt for Simon. They took torches, axes, and rope. The dogs soon found the tree that had swallowed up the little boy. Here they began to bark and howl and whine. How frightened the men were!

“Simon is locked up in a black gum tree,” said one.

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

“Come, we’ll split the tree with our axes and get him out.”

“That will not be hard to do,” said the other. “A black gum tree is easy to split.”

They lifted their axes and struck hard at the tree. But each time they hit the tree their axes *bounced back like a rubber ball*.

“We can’t even make a mark,” they cried out. “The black gum tree is bewitched.” They dropped their axes and ran as fast as they could back to their home. And from that time to this no one has ever been able to split a black gum tree.

NEGRO NURSERY TALE.



MONOTARO

Once upon a time an old, old man and an old, old woman lived in a forest. Their stone house was built where the trees were thickest and tallest, for they feared a terrible Dragon which roamed the earth.

The old man and his wife were afraid to leave their home. Sometimes they had to go out to gather fagots for the fire. And sometimes they had to go to the sea to catch fish for food. But they went very softly and hand in hand. They looked this way and that for the Dragon.

These old people had no children and that made them very sad. Every day they prayed for a big, strong son to take care of them.

One day they went to the sea for fish. They cast in their net and something heavy rolled into it. The old man and the old woman had to tug and pull and pull and tug to hang on. It was so heavy that they thought a sea-horse must have jumped into the net—or maybe a whale. But at last they dragged

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

their load to land and spread open the net. What was their surprise to find in the middle of the net, not a whale, and *not* a sea-horse—but a big *peach seed*! And when the old man went tap, tap, tap on it with his stick, out stepped a little boy. He was the most beautiful black-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy that anybody ever saw.

He bowed low to the old man and the old woman and said, "I am the son you have prayed for. I have come to take care of you."

The old man and the old woman could scarcely believe what their eyes told them. They felt more like laughing than anything else. But when they looked again the little boy had grown a foot. And all of a sudden they found themselves growing stronger and stronger. So they took the little boy between them and ran home as fast as they could. Then they barred the door, for the terrible Dragon loved to eat little boys.

The old man and his wife named the boy Monotaro, which means Peach-Seed Boy. They were so happy to have a son, they could scarcely eat or sleep.

MONOTARO

Monotaro was very kind and very gentle to his father and mother. He made friends with all the animals in the forest and they obeyed him as he obeyed his parents. And each day he grew stronger and stronger until, in a little while, he was able to pull up the thickest and tallest trees in the forest.

When his mother and father saw this they were very proud. They thought it best to tell him about the terrible Dragon and how afraid every one was of it. They believed Monotaro was big enough and strong enough to drive the Dragon away.

So they whispered to him about the terrible beast. Even the flies on the wall could not hear what they said to him. Then Monotaro stood up and asked his mother for some food.

"I am going to find the terrible Dragon," he said. The old woman and the old man thought this a fine thing for their big son to do. So they gave him some fish and some rice and sent him off with their blessing. But they begged him to hurry back, for they would be lonely without him. Peach Boy pulled up

NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

a big tree for a staff. Then he started on his way.

The first thing he met was a big yellow dog. He lived on the side of a hill. As soon as he saw Monotaro he called out:

“Peach Boy, Peach Boy! Where are you going?”

“I am going to find the terrible Dragon,” said Monotaro.

“Bow wow! Bow wow!” barked the big yellow dog. “Aren’t you afraid? For

His back is green,
His eyes are blue,
His tail is yellow,
And he’ll eat *you*.”

But Monotaro stretched out his strong arms and said,

“I love my mother;
I honor my father;
And fear is a silly old tale.”

“That’s true,” said the dog. “I shall go along with you. I can help with my bark.”



NURSERY TALES FROM MANY LANDS

So Monotaro and the big yellow dog went along and went along. Soon they met a big black crow:

"Peach Boy, Peach Boy! Where are you going?" cried the crow from a high tree.

"I am going to find the terrible Dragon," said Monotaro.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!" the crow sang. "Aren't you afraid? For

His back is green,
His eyes are blue,
His tail is yellow,
And he'll eat *you*."

But Monotaro stretched out his strong legs and said,

"I love my mother;
I honor my father;
And fear is a silly old tale."

"That's true," said the crow. "I shall go along with you. I can help with my caw."

So Monotaro and the dog and the crow travelled on to find the terrible Dragon. They

MONOTARO

had to go through a very hilly country. Almost before they knew it they came to a place where there were two high mountains. The two mountains looked at each other across a roaring river. Monotaro was sure the terrible Dragon *must* live near that place, for the river roared and roared. But he did not know how he could get across from one mountain to the other. There was no bridge to walk over. There was no rope to swing over and no pole to reach over. Even Monotaro's legs were not long enough to step over.

Monotaro thought and thought. Then he asked the crow and the dog about it.

"Wait," said the crow. "I'll fly hither and yon and call some friends with my caw, caw, caw."

"And I'll bark," said the big yellow dog. "That will tell your friends where to find us."

The crow spread out his black wings and flew to the north. The dog barked and barked. In a moment a band of ring-tailed monkeys came leaping from rocks and trees.

"Peach Boy, Peach Boy! Where are you going?" the king monkey chattered.

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"I am going to find the terrible Dragon."

"Jabber, jabber, jabber—squee—" said the ring-tailed monkeys. "Aren't you afraid? For

His back is horny,
His claws are thorny,
His tongue is sticky,
And he'll soon eat you."

But Monotaro said,

"I love my mother;
I honor my father;
And fear is a silly old tale."

"Hurrah for Peach Boy. Let us help him across the rushing river," called out the monkeys together. "Come."

Quicker than a flea can hop, the first monkey caught hold of the tail of the second. Then the second monkey grabbed the tail of the third monkey. Then the third monkey grabbed the tail of the fourth monkey, and so on. Soon there was a string of monkeys a hundred feet long swinging across the roaring river. They made a fine bridge. So Mono-

MONOTARO

taro and the dog and the crow walked across the monkey bridge and were soon on the other side of the river. Then all the monkeys went along to help him find the terrible Dragon.

So Monotaro and the big yellow dog and the crow and the monkeys went on and on until they came to the highest mountain. It hung right over the deep blue sea. The high mountain had a hole in the side and in the hole lay something long and green and yellow with thorny claws and horny back.

Monotaro knew it was the terrible Dragon. So he went as close as he could and called out in his biggest voice, "Come out, Dragon, for

If your back is green,
And your eyes are blue,
And your tail is yellow,
I'm not afraid of you !"

Then the big yellow dog began to bark; the monkeys began to chatter and the big black crow flew hither and yon cawing and cawing and cawing.



At this the terrible Dragon opened his terrible blue eyes and lashed his terrible yellow tail this way and that. He snorted fire and rushed forward to swallow them all at once. But Monotaro rushed forward, too. He thrust his tree staff down the terrible Dragon's throat. Then he pulled and tugged him toward the sea. The terrible Dragon pulled and tugged the other way.

And the big yellow dog pulled Monotaro;
And all the monkeys together pulled the
big yellow dog;

MONOTARO

And the crow screamed, "Caw! Caw! Caw!"
Which meant, "Pull! Pull! Pull!"

The terrible Dragon had set his teeth so hard in the tree staff that he couldn't let go. And Monotaro and his friends *wouldn't* let go; and they pulled the Dragon to the edge of the mountain. With a one, two, three they let go of the tree staff! And *splash* went the terrible Dragon into the sea!

Monotaro took the big yellow dog and all the monkeys and the crow home with him. The old, old man and the old, old woman were very happy to see Monotaro again. They gave a great feast to which all the forest people came. And everybody lived happily after that because brave Monotaro had sent the terrible Dragon to the bottom of the sea.

JAPANESE TALE.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

Dramatic interpretation is a delightful and profitable means of socializing the reading lesson. A group of children present through pantomime or dialogue and action a story adapted in content and vocabulary to the capacity of their experience.

Some of the tales in this book lend themselves to one or more of the various types of dramatic interpretation which teachers find very helpful in developing intelligent and expressive reading. A few suggestions are offered describing the particular form of exercise for which some of the stories are best adapted. If the children are allowed to give free scope to their quick fancy and love of invention the lesson in dramatic reading will be marked by correct phrasing and appreciative expression.

THE PANTOMIME

All dramatic work should begin with the simplest expression of thought and emotion through action, and should lead carefully and systematically, step by step, to action that is complex and varied. The simplest dramatic interpretation for little children is the *pantomime*. The first steps in this exercise may be

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the acting out of a single sentence read or told by the child. In a short time a more complex interpretation may be tried, such as a bit of impersonation which demands expressive action. For example, the child may be asked to present, in pantomime, a boy trundling a hoop or flying a kite, a little girl dressing her doll, an old woman lighting her candle and going to bed, etc. This kind of practice is a valuable preparation for more complex dramatic exercises which combine speech with action, because the work in simple pantomime tends to break down and eliminate the child's self-consciousness which is too often present in the early stages of dramatic work.

(1) *The Teeny Tiny Woman* (page 14).

For pantomime work nothing excels this old English nursery tale. Use a candle or a make-believe one and let a child act out the lighting of it. A chair may represent the bed, the teacher's desk the cupboard. One child may read the story while another carries out the actions of the Teeny Tiny Woman. The reader calls out "BOOH!" at the moment when the old woman looks into the cupboard. To vary the play a child hidden under the teacher's desk may call out "BOOH!" at the proper time. This makes an excellent exercise to teach clear and intelligent reading, since the child acting the part must be directed by the skill of the reader.

(2) *Frolic of the Wild Things* (page 47).

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

This tale is told by the Ojibway Indian mother to her children, who carry it out either in finger play or pantomime.

Pee-ahm-e-squeet, of the Ojibway tribe, gives the following directions in regard to the way the Indian children play their part in the tale:

“When the mice dance the fingers are softly patted on the lap or on any surface. The hands are made to leap from wrist to finger-tip for the rabbit as he hops; two fingers placed together make the track, two fingers wide apart are his ears standing up. Hands closed and moved along with wrist motion indicate the creeping wolf. Imitate sniffing. Drag the thumb along for the wolf dragging his tail and erect the hand in the thumb for the wolf sitting in the snow. With the thumb and first finger make rings around the eyes for the owl. Then repeat the signs for the mice, rabbit, and wolf. Clap the hands together for the children catching the owl in the net. Place the hands on opposite shoulders to indicate the children wrapped in a buffalo robe or hide. Place hands (open palms) on the cheek, turn the face sidewise, and close eyes to show the children asleep.”

THE SIMPLE DIALOGUE

The Pear Tree (page 9).

There is little action in this form of exercise. It is simply a list of questions and answers with repetition.

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Nevertheless, the reading lesson is vitalized if the exercise is a mere portrayal of mood—the happy mother and questioning child. Pupils like to read the lesson sitting side by side in the attitude of mother and child.

THE PLAY

Little White Rabbit (page 3).

This story with its simple plot based upon repetition is easily played in any classroom. The cloak-room may be *Little White Rabbit's* home, out of which she comes to get her cabbage. The garden may be any space in the room designated for that purpose. While *Little White Rabbit* is away *Huge Billy Goat* goes into her house. *Little White Rabbit* returns and finds her door locked and some one on the inside. Frightened by the gruff voice, she starts on a journey in search of help. In the different corners of the classroom she meets and questions *Black Dog*, *Big Ox*, and *Red Cock*. *Busy Little Ant* returns with her, enters her home, drives out *Huge Billy Goat*, and lives with *Little White Rabbit* ever afterward.

Other cumulative tales with plots which lend themselves easily to dramatization are: *Munachar and Manachar* (page 27), *The Wee Bannock* (page 16), *Travels of a Fox* (page 40). The unities of time and place simplify matters in these tales and make them excellent material for dramatic interpretation.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

In all of the stories named one character leads and, in his round of repetition, carries the story through to its conclusion. The classroom, as before, serves readily for the field of action for all.

Before attempting to play any story be sure that the child is perfectly familiar with the steps in the action of the plot. Real interpretation comes only when he has lost all self-questioning as to what comes next in the story. He must be perfectly at home with the successive incidents. As soon as he has mastered the plot and visualized the action he is ready to play, and the teacher must not interfere with his original invention in presenting the story.

The reading lessons in this book may be correlated with exercises in oral English.

I. *Reproduction and Invention*—

- (a) Oral reproduction of the whole story is a valuable exercise for gaining fluency of expression.
- (b) The teacher may tell the first incidents of a story and let the children complete the narrative.
- (c) Let the pupils invent other obstacles than those told in the reading lesson.
- (d) Suggest an added obstacle in one of the cumulative tales and ask the children to point a way out of the difficulty.

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II. *Nature Work*—

The description in *The Pear Tree* forms a good basis for such nature work as building of birds' nests, growth of fruit-trees, etc.

III. *Simple History*—

Stories suggestive of Indian life may follow the Indian tale of the *Frolic of the Wild Things*.

IV. *Picture-Making*—

The children may be asked to select and describe pictures of situations that are not illustrated in the book.

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